

## Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 639

Maya sighed. She didn't miss her teacher at all because the latter had called her parents over after Maya gave her a nickname.

It's been a while since I went to school. I wonder if she has forgotten all about the nickname? Will she demand to see Mommy and Daddy again?

John sent everyone to the airport in time, but Nicole suddenly complained about having an upset stomach.

"John, I don't think I can hold it in or take this flight. Take the kids back without me. I'll take the next flight home."

"I..." said John in a troubled tone.

"Go on. I will call Mr. Seet and tell him about it."

The quadruplets looked suspiciously at Nicole. They were certain that their mommy was only faking the stomachache because she didn't want to leave their daddy alone. Why else would she suddenly have stomach pain when she was all healthy and lively a second ago?

It must be fake.

My gosh, can you at least act a little better? All you are doing is putting your hand on your tummy and delivering the dialogue in such an amateur manner. Your eyes are practically smirking!

You're insulting our intelligence!

Maya held Nicole's hand and reminded the latter to go to the doctor's and drink more warm water.

Maya's sweet gesture touched Nicole's heart, making the latter reluctant to let go of her daughter's chubby little hand.

That fake act, despite the genuine feelings, got Nina impatient. The girl pouted and pointed out, "Alright, come on now. Mommy's stomachache will magically disappear when she sees Daddy anyway, so stop worrying for no reason. Let's go."

Nicole was speechless.

Must Nina be so forthright? Can't she at least pretend and say a few words of consolation like Maya did?

After the kids got onto the plane with John, Nicole happily got a cab and returned to the hotel.

She strategized and concluded that she could not let Evan see her there. If he did, he would lose his temper and yell at her; he might even take her to the airport again.

It's definitely better to follow him in the dark. I'll only show myself when the time is right.

Having made the decision, Nicole asked the hotel receptionist to give her the room opposite Evan's. This way she could observe his actions through the peephole.

Evan and Stephen finally finished discussing the matter. The two of them were bonding well; they both thought that they could be friends.

“Youngsters nowadays are really getting better at this. I’m too old,” commented Stephen with a sigh.

“You’re too kind. Your unique ideas and invaluable experience are something that people my age cannot compete against.”

“You’re very humble, Mr. Seet. I am happy that Nicole found a man like you. I pray that you will continue giving her a happy life.”

“Don’t worry. I will.”

Stephen nodded satisfactorily.

Levant would not have done what he did if he were just as humble and honorable as Evan.

One would wonder how Levant, as the boy Stephen had adopted and raised for twenty years, would react to seeing Stephen again.

“I’ll have Jeremy set everything up. We have to strike as soon as possible.”

“Okay, let’s ambush Levant before his hold on the dukedom becomes tighter.”

Jeremy rushed to prepare everything as instructed by Evan.

That night.

Evan and Stephen left the hotel in the middle of the night while everyone was asleep.

Curious, Nicole tailed the two.

At the estate.

Portia was furious when she learned about Stephen being kicked out of the estate.

“How could he? How could he?”

“Calm down, Ma’am. You can’t get too emotional. Your body is still recovering and you have to be careful with your health.”

Portia coughed and swept the medication on the table onto the floor.

“Go get Levant over. I want to talk to him. Did a demon take his conscience away? How could he do something so vile? Get him over right away!”

The maids didn’t dare to defy Portia upon seeing how angry she was. They quickly went to call Levant over.

Levant leisurely put down his document, stood up, and followed the maids to Portia’s room.

“Mom, how are you feeling?”

The second Levant walked in, he put a faint smile on his face.

As far as Levant was concerned, Portia was nothing like Stephen. Stephen wanted to pass his title to Nicole, but Portia had always wanted Levant to be the next duke.

Daphne once posed a threat to Levant's claim to the title, but even then, Portia never did or said anything about stopping Levant from inheriting the dukedom.

Additionally, Portia was the one who brought Levant to the estate in the first place, so he respected her as his biological mother.

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Portia glared at Levant and scolded, "How could you do something so despicable? I am so disappointed in you, Levant."

"Mom, you will only be even more disappointed if I didn't do anything," insisted Levant while staring straight into her eyes.

Portia looked at him from head to toe. She later scoffed, "Are you saying bullsh\*t to justify your crimes? You can't wash your sins away via lies."

Levant walked to her and asked, "Mom, do you know who Nicole is to Dad?"

Portia was furious as soon as she heard Nicole's name. "I am talking to you about the dukedom. Why are you changing the subject to that b\*tch?" asked Portia, who deliberated before adding, "Are you jealous because that b\*tch got close to your dad? Is that why you chased your dad out of the estate?"

"Mom, you were wounded from the assassination attempt and have been recuperating in your room. It is normal for you not to have heard the recent news—that Nicole is Dad's biological daughter."

Portia's face darkened upon hearing Levant's words.

"W-what did you say? That b\*tch is your father's daughter?"

How could it be? How could he actually have an illegitimate daughter?

"Mom, you know how your relationship with Dad truly is, so I won't elaborate further. But it is true that Nicole is Dad's daughter and he wanted to pass the title to her. Do you think that is fair to me?"

"W-what did you say?"

Portia's mind was at a loss after hearing those two shocking news. She took some time to digest that information.

It took her a while to regain her composure and asked, "Is everything you say true?"

"Absolutely. You can call Dad and ask him about it if you don't believe me."

Portia had a hard time accepting it.

Passing the title to Nicole? Then what does that make me? How could he leave everything for his b\*stard child? That kid... could she be the child that woman was pregnant with over twenty years ago? Wasn't the kid aborted? And didn't the woman marry someone else?

Portia had always thought that the rumor of Stephen's search for his illegitimate child was fake. She never thought that there would come a day when the child would show up in front of her to take everything away.

Stephen Musgrave, I am your wife. How can you disregard me completely and only think of the illegitimate child you have with that woman? How could you do that? How could you!

Levant was relieved to see Portia going livid.

At the very least, Portia did not think that he was at fault.

Levant believed that he was just fighting for what was rightfully his, so Portia should be on his side.

"Don't be sad, Mom. I may be adopted but I will treat you like my mother and love you as a son."

Portia remained silent for a moment. She tilted her head up and stared at Levant with anxiety burning in her eyes. Did I make a mistake taking him in all those years ago?

Levant saw how terrible she looked and assumed that she was worried about Stephen.

"Don't worry, Mom. Dad's son-in-law, Evan Seet, is a pretty capable man. Dad will be just fine living with them. Moreover, Dad will be happy about being able to see Nicole all the time, so all you need to do is take care of yourself and recover as soon as possible, Mom."

Portia had her head down and turned quiet. She looked troubled but she finally instructed, "Please leave for now. I want to be on my own."

"Okay, rest well."

Portia turned pale as she watched Levant leave her room.

She thought about how she adopted Levant all those years ago. Every scene bubbled up in her mind...

What would Stephen do if he realizes that the boy he has been raising for over twenty years is that man's son? No, I must take this secret to my grave. No one can know!

Levant returned to his room and asked his bodyguards, "Have you figured out where they are?"

"Ms. Lane and the kids returned to their country, but Evan Seet and Sir Musgrave have stayed back."

"I knew they wouldn't leave just like that. They must be biding their time and waiting for an opportunity to strike. Keep a close eye on them and report to me as soon as you learn anything."

"Yes, Sir!"

After the bodyguards left, Levant sat on his chair and let his mind wander, as his long fingers tapped on the desk. He now had the title, but the battle wasn't over yet.

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Levant knew Evan well, and as there was a life at play between the two of them, Levant knew Evan would certainly go through heaven and hell to fight back.

It's probably best for everything to end. I cannot rest well with this issue hanging over my head.

Evan, Stephen, Jeremy, and a handful of subordinates went up a hill near the estate.

"There's a secret passage here?"

"That's right. It will lead us straight to the estate's study room."

"If that's the case, it'll be much easier for us to deal with Levant."

"Exactly! We'll enter from this opening and move the boulder at the end of the tunnel. The passage is right behind it."

Jeremy and the others worked together to move the boulder as soon as Stephen finished speaking. As promised, a passage revealed itself after they moved the boulder away.

"Follow me!"

Stephen led the way. Evan followed behind the man and suddenly thought of the need to dig a secret tunnel from his own house as well. It can serve as an emergency exit should any danger come at us.

"Where are they going?"

Nicole, who had been tailing them, went into the tunnel after them. She didn't dare get too close to them, though, because she was worried about being discovered.

She also made sure not to stay too far away from the group, either. The place was dark and she was scared.

The men walked all the way to the end of the tunnel, where Stephen informed them that the study room was right behind the wall.

It was likely that Levant was still in the study room at the time, so someone suggested that they wait for a while.

"What are we waiting for? It'd be better if he is in the study. There are so many of us whereas he's on his own. We won't have to worry about not being able to handle him."

"He's right. We should strike while the iron is hot!"

Jeremy thought that his subordinates' words made sense, so he turned to Evan.

Evan's eyes shone as he made his mental calculations. Suddenly, he asked, "Do you think Levant will set a trap for us?"

Set a trap? Why did Mr. Seet suddenly say that?

"What do you mean, Mr. Seet?"

Evan remained quiet for a moment. He then instructed, "Jeremy, assign two men to send Sir Musgrave back."

"No, I won't leave. I cannot face Nicole if anything happens to you," said Stephen.

"I won't be able to face her, either, if anything happens to you."

Hearing their conversation from some distance away, Nicole couldn't help rolling her eyes. Oh, for the love of... I mean, can't you both just leave if it's so dangerous?

"Sir Musgrave, Mr. Seet, how about you both leave? I will handle the rest."

Jeremy had just finished speaking when he saw Evan and Stephen opening the secret door to the study room together.

The room was empty; Levant was nowhere to be seen. Everyone walked in cautiously.

"Levant is not here, Mr. Seet. Should we hide?" asked Jeremy when he saw the empty room. He had just finished speaking when the door to the study suddenly flung open.

Levant had his guards with him and was glaring at the intruders.

Jeremy was flabbergasted.

Sh\*t! Mr. Seet's hunch was right. Levant actually set a trap for us!

"It's been a while," commented Levant as he walked into the room. His lips curved into a small grin when he saw the secret doorway.

"I honestly didn't know about this secret door. Dad, why did you bring everyone over?"

Stephen took a step forward and look right into the man's eyes. "Levant, if you can threaten us with the kids' lives, we can also use underhanded methods to take back everything that doesn't belong to you in the first place!"

Levant didn't care, nor was he affected when he heard those words.

"Dad, you've already handed the title over to me, so please stop dreaming about getting it back. You spent the past twenty years raising me so I won't make this difficult for you. Please leave on your own accord." Levant then shifted his attention to Evan, his eyes looking colder.

"Evan Seet, I am truly astounded by your bravery. You actually tried to sneak into my estate?"

Confidence and pride crept up on Evan's handsome face as his gaze locked in on Levant. "It's time we settle our issues and get even, Levant."

Getting even with me? Hah! He's in my territory and my men are everywhere. I honestly have no idea why he is that confident.

“I should remind you, Mr. Seet, that we are on my estate now. We’re nowhere near the Seet family residence.”

“I know that well. So? Do you have the guts to dance this dance with me?”

Evan was taunting Levant with his words and eye contact. We can’t fight head-on because they have the advantage in terms of number. The only way out is to claim victory with our wits.

A one-on-one battle will make this a fair fight and is our best shot at taking him down. Unfortunately, there is no saying as to whether he will accept the challenge.

Levant shrugged nonchalantly at Evan’s taunts. It’s nothing more than a one-on-one battle. What’s there to be afraid of?

Levant thought about how he would be able to rest well for the rest of his life if he ended up killing Evan.

After Evan dies, maybe I can even figure out a way to get back with Nicole.

“Sure, let’s do this. Do watch your back, Mr. Seet, because I will not be showing you any mercy.”

Evan’s irises constricted upon hearing Levant’s words, and the two men glared at each other. Every spectator on-site stepped back as a chill ran down their spines.

Everyone understood that the battle ahead would be an incredible fight to the death.

“Careful, Mr. Seet,” reminded Jeremy, who couldn’t help voicing up.

Evan clenched his fists. He took a few steps forward and swung his leg. Levant’s athletic figure jumped backward and evaded that kick entirely.

“Mr. Seet, isn’t that move a little too weak?”

“That’s the warm-up,” replied Evan, who thought that being at a disadvantage that early in the battle was fine. I can win if I scrutinize his actions and memorize his moves.

Levant grinned diabolically. And then it happened: Levant did an insanely fast backflip and landed right in front of Evan, after which the former swung his leg like a tornado and made a heavy landing on Evan’s chest.

Evan backed away quickly and stumbled a little before he regained his footing.

They had only exchanged “pleasantries” twice, but even that was enough to get to Levant’s head.

He challenged me when that is all he has? He is so full of himself; he will die for it.

Levant attacked aggressively and carelessly after that. Every move was fierce—there was even a moment when Levant thought that victory was close. However, that was also the precise moment when Evan ambushed the momentarily distracted Levant. Evan faked a retreat before forging ahead at an incredible speed. Before anyone could see what was happening, Evan had already grabbed a shiny blade out of his pocket and pressed it against Levant’s neck.

"This is the second time I have your life within my grasp. You held my kids hostage the last time, but this time... This time, I can take your life!"

"I didn't think that you can actually fight, Evan Seet. Still, I won't celebrate just yet if I were you. You might have won the fight against me, but you won't be able to leave in one piece, either. We'll just end up dragging each other to our deaths."

"I won't die with you. You owe me a life, and our debt will be settled once I kill you."

"Are you sure?"

Levant's words prompted Evan to turn around. That was when Evan saw that Levant's men had already had Stephen and Jeremy surrounded.

"Go on, Evan Seet. Kill me if you can't care less about their deaths. Just remember that Stephen is Nicole's father. She will never forgive you if anything happens to him!"

Evan couldn't speak.

He was deep in his thought. It was clear that he would never sacrifice their lives.

"Don't hold back for our sake, Mr. Seet. Kill the ass\*le who tried to murder you."

"That's right, Mr. Seet. Kill him. Have no concern for us."

Jeremy and his men were brave despite facing death.

Stephen, however, looked conflicted. He wasn't afraid of dying, but Levant was the adopted son that Stephen had been raising for the past twenty years. Stephen couldn't bear to watch the boy die.

What is the best course of action under these circumstances?

Levant suddenly attacked Evan with a powerful punch while the latter was distracted. Unprepared, the blade Evan was clutching dropped onto the floor.

"Evan Seet, have you heard the saying that even a dragon can't defeat a snake while in enemy territory? How arrogant are you to have come to my turf to settle the score with me?"

Evan clenched his fists. He was about to attack again when he saw a familiar figure standing behind Levant. That was the woman he could recognize from any distance and angle!

D-didn't she leave with the kids? Why is she here now?

Nicole put her finger in front of her lips, signaling Evan to keep quiet.

"Mr. Levant, behind you..."

Levant's men tried to warn him, but when he finally sensed that something was off and turned his head, Nicole swiftly placed a few silver needles on Levant's acupressure points.

Levant was surprised to see Nicole there, but his surprise lasted only a split second. After that, his vision suddenly went dark and he collapsed onto the floor.

"Looks like my medical skills are still pretty useful."



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Nicole was delighted.

Stephen was familiar with the spots that Nicole targeted and understood that Levant was simply knocked out temporarily.

However, that was still a great opportunity for Stephen to fight back.

He stepped up and glared at the men surrounding them before announcing, "Levant is dead, and I will remain the duke and the master of this house. Those who dare to come after me will share the same fate as him!" The guards bought the lie. They turned to Levant, who was lying on the floor, and began weighing their options. Compared to staying loyal to a dead man, it was much more important to save themselves.

After turning to one another, the men knelt down simultaneously and admitted defeat. "Sir Musgrave," greeted the men.

"Leave us," ordered Stephen. The men backed out of the study room right away.

And just like that, Levant fell into their hands.

Stephen understood that Levant owed Evan a life, but as Levant's foster father, Stephen still wished that Evan would spare Levant's life.

Displeasure bubbled up in Evan's eyes.

If Evan hadn't been alert when the plane crashed, he would have long been dead.

Being the infamously merciless Lucifer, Evan really wanted to kill Levant.

However, Evan also understood where Stephen was coming from and how the latter must be feeling at this moment.

After deliberating for some time, Evan turned to Nicole and said, "Actually, you are the one who knocked him out at the crucial moment. You should be the one to decide if we should let him go."

Nicole struggled with that decision. She saw how sad Stephen was and sighed internally.

"He may live, but he really shouldn't remember certain things."

Both Levant and Evan caught Nicole's meaning.

Greed and desire overwhelmed Levant, so it would be to his own benefit if he could forget everything. This way, he would no longer crave power and would become an ordinary man leading an ordinary life.

Stephen couldn't speak for a moment there, but he ultimately agreed by saying, "I will send him away."

"Yes, that's for the best. If he remembers any of this, your position will remain threatened and he will just end up committing even more sins."

"I know."

Stephen took out the silver needles and used them on Levant like the professional he was.

Stephen sighed internally. Back then, I learned acupuncture because I thought I could use it to save lives. Who would've thought that I will end up deliberately giving someone amnesia?

Despite the situation, Stephen took comfort at the thought of Levant spending the rest of his life as an ordinary man. Giving him amnesia is equivalent to saving his souls and stopping him from committing sins again.

"It's done."

Nicole was Wesley's student as well, so she could tell that Stephen didn't cheat and that his method was accurate. She shot a look at Evan after the needles were taken out.

Evan immediately ordered, "Take him away!"

"Understood, Mr. Seet."

Jeremy and his men took Levant away via the secret tunnel they used to get into the estate.

Stephen wanted to transfer everything to Nicole after he regained his title as duke, but Nicole rejected his offer.

"I have to hurry back to my country. My kids have all gone home and I have to deal with a lot of important issues once I get back. I honestly don't have the time to stay here and be a duchess. Besides, I won't be able to hold onto this title anyway. Aren't you worried about the Musgrave family going berserk after they learn about you handing everything to me?"

Stephen turned to Evan, who had been standing aside the entire time.

Stephen was certain that the other members of the Musgrave family wouldn't be able to riot if Evan were there to help Nicole.

"Then come back once you have settled everything on your side. Nicole, everything here belongs to you!" insisted Stephen.

Nicole frowned. She didn't understand why Stephen was so hellbent on getting her to be the heir.

Still, she nodded to delay any plans of inheritance. She prayed that Stephen would end up choosing another, more capable member of the Musgrave family to inherit everything.

The door to the room suddenly flung open. Portia had rushed over anxiously after she heard about Levant's demise.

"Where's Levant? How could you kill him?" demanded Portia as soon as she barged in. She growled at Stephen with raging eyes.

"Levant had it coming. He has nobody but himself to blame!"

Stephen was fuming as well. He blamed his wife for everything because Levant wouldn't have turned out that way if Portia hadn't been brainwashing the boy. Levant wouldn't have to suffer if she never spoiled him and told him that he would be the heir.

Portia kept quiet. Her eyes were as sharp and as deadly as a dagger when she asked, "Do you know who Levant really is? Do you know who you have been raising as your own son for the past twenty years?"

Curiosity donned Stephen's face as he asked, "Who is he?"

Portia's thin lips curved into an evil grin that got Stephen to tremble.